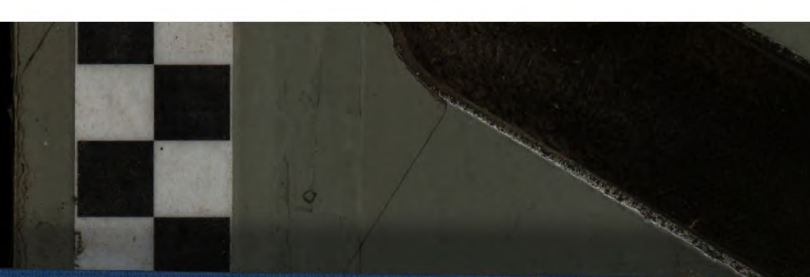

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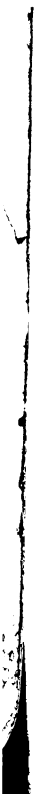
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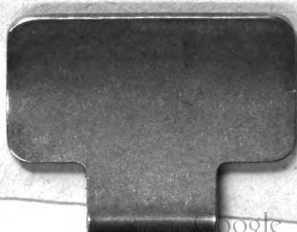


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MEMOIR
OF
WILLIAM L. GARRISON.

BY
MARY HOWITT.

Reprinted from the People's Journal.

KILMARNOCK :
WILLIAM MUIR, PORTLAND STREET.
GLASGOW: W. & R. SNEAL, GALLOWGATE.

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PREFACE.

THE object contemplated by the re-publication of the life of William Lloyd Garrison, is simply to enable the public to form a proper estimate of the character of a much aspersed, but truly noble man.

In the land of his birth three millions of human beings have had the patrimony of heaven ruthlessly torn from them by their fellow-men, and subjected at their fiat to the most galling servitude. From the first moment that the enormous wrong thus inflicted upon humanity, revealed itself to his mind, up to the present hour, William Lloyd Garrison has never ceased to denounce slavery, as in all its forms an inhuman and unchristian thing.

Unfortunately for his reputation, this *peculiar domestic institution* of his native land finds its special apologists and palliators among the Doctors of Divinity, the Ministers, and members of the so called, though *falsely* so called, Church of Christ,

As might have been anticipated, the ardour with which he espoused the cause of the slave ; and the dauntless intrepidity displayed by him in the advocacy of the rights of the bleeding bondsman, have proved anything but pleasing to the reverend defenders of Slavery on the other side of the Atlantic. The slight ceremony with which he has pushed aside their lofty pretensions ; and the no very gentle hand with which he has stript them of the mantle of Christianity, which they had wrapt around them to cloak the enormity of their guilt, has drawn down upon him their fiercest hatred and most virulent vituperation. Every epithet which malice could devise, or the tongue of calumny utter, have they hurled at him. That William Lloyd Garrison should have kindled the ire of the Slaveholder and his apologists is not remarkable ; that the men acquiring their wealth by that infernal traffic should calumniate the man, who, of all others, has held them up to a world's scorn and execration, is not extraordinary ; but that the baseless calumnies of such men should be re-echoed in Britain, and that, too, by the professed friends of freedom, is truly astonishing.

Nothing of this kind has surprised us more, perhaps because emanating from a quarter we had least expected it, than observing the most meaningless of those calumnies, that of 'infidel,' reiterated by

Dr. Campbe'll of London, in the *Christian Witness* for Oct. After various remarks as to how ill at ease he felt about Garrison, in full proof of his infidelity the Doctor cites the following resolution, adopted in New York, on the 12th of May, 1846, at one of the great gatherings, as he styles it, of the Abolitionists, over which W. L. Garrison presided.

RESOLVED,

"That this Society rejoice in the present declining state of American religion, inasmuch as it voluntarily comes forth to baptize and to sanctify Slavery, which Mahommedanism abolishes, and Catholicism condemns; and that it will endeavour to warn the world, particularly the so called heathen portion of it, against its influence."

"Decline" continues the Rev. Doctor, is the precursor of dissolution. If, then, the "decline" of religion gives joy to "this Society," surely its extinction would excite rapture. The principle, then, of "this Society" is, INFIDELITY. Its meet motto, we infer, is, Let Christianity perish, that the slave may go free!

Is, then, the hope of the slave founded on the extinction of Christianity? Is it come at last to this? Such, at least, is not yet the doctrine for the people of England."

What a splendid specimen of logic is this, to which the Editor of the *Witness* treats his readers. We would ask Dr. Campbell, does he believe that religion, pure and undefiled, either baptizes or sanctifies slavery? Of course he will answer, no! Can Dr. Campbell deny that what may be very properly denominated *American re-*

ligion does both? He cannot, for he himself has declared, that the American Churches are "steeped in guilt" in this matter. Is it fair, then? is it honourable? is it honest, thus to attempt to confound things which are essentially different, and to infer, that because any man, or body of man, rejoices in the decline of the one, they must necessarily get enraptured at the extinction of the other? No, Doctor, you know well, that it is not a religion that would destroy, but a religion that supports; not a religion that would uproot, but a religion that upholds slavery, in the decline of which the resolution you have quoted rejoices. How unjust, then—how ungenerous—is it in you to assert, that the PRINCIPLE of that Society is INFIDELITY; and above all, how illogical your inference, that its meet motto is, *Let Christianity perish that the slave may go free!*

No, Sir, it is not the decline of religion, as you have falsely asserted, but the decline of "*American religion*" that gives joy to that Society, which you have made it your "*special study*" to malign. And lest any one should mistake their meaning, they have told us that they rejoice that that religion is declining because, and *only* because, it has voluntarily come forth to baptize and SANCTIFY SLAVERY! And, Sir, we would ask you, has it come at last to this, that because a man, or a

society of men, rejoices at the decline, or should even feel entraptured at the extinction of such a religion, they must be branded as infidels, and their names cast out as evil. Such, Sir, we can assure you is not yet the doctrine for the people of SCOTLAND, whether it will do for the people of ENGLAND we will not take upon us to determine. Reserve your generous indignation at the thought of the hope of the slave being founded on the extinction of christianity, for the men who have given *expression* to such a thought, it is not William Lloyd Garrison that has done so. That man conceives that christianity—not the *religion* of the American slaveholder and his apologists—but *christianity proper*—is SLAVERY'S most formidable foe. Degrade not yourself, then, we beseech you, into the traducer of a man, the head and front of whose offending is, that during a period of now nearly twenty years he has been the consistent and uncompromising assertor of the common manhood of the sable son of Africa. Rest assured, the character of such a man will rise superior to your reproaches, malign it as you may. Remember that “the vapours which gather round the rising sun and follow it in its course, seldom fail, at the close of it, to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and a softened effulgence, the luminary which they cannot hide.”

This Memoir of William Lloyd Garrison needs not our commendation. It is enough to state that it is from the pen of MARY HOWITT to secure for it the attention of all who are acquainted with the writings of that gifted lady. It is characterised throughout by that natural, earnest, and convincing manner, for which her productions are so distinguished. Though no laboured panegyric, the facts it narrates form the highest eulogy which it is possible to pronounce upon man. In Garrison we behold

"A firm and uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age."

A man neither to be awed by the frown, nor seduced by the smile of the world around him, from the pursuit of the noble object to which he has devoted himself.

T. B.

Kilmarnock, 12th Oct., 1846.

...the young man's name was ...

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gelic nature within ; she was one of those who inspire at once love and reverence ; she took high views of life and its duties ; and consequently, when adversity came upon her as an armed man, she was not overcome. Life had lost its sunshine, but not its worth ; and, for her own and her children's sake, she combated nobly with poverty and sorrow. Her influence on her children, more especially on her son William, was very great : he venerated her while yet a child ; not a word or a precept of her's was ever lost—his young heart treasured up all—unknowing that these in after life should become his great principles of action. To illustrate the conscious and firm character of this admirable woman, we must be permitted to give an anecdote of her whilst yet young. Her parents were of the Episcopal Church, and among the most bigoted of that body. In those days the Baptists were a despised people, and it was reckoned vulgar to be of their community. One day, however, it was made known through the neighborhood where she lived that one of those despised sectaries would preach in a barn, and a party of gay young people, one of whom was the lovely and gay Fanny Lloyd, agreed for a frolic to go and hear him. Of those who went to scoff one remained to pray ; that one was Fanny Lloyd. Her soul was deeply touched by the meek and holy spirit of the preacher ; she wept much during the sermon, and when it was over, the preacher spoke kindly to her. From that day a change came over her mind ; she would no longer despise and ridicule the Baptists ; and before long announced to her astonished and indignant parents that she found it necessary for the peace of her soul to become publicly one of that despised body.

Nothing could equal the exasperation which followed this avowal. They threatened that if she allowed herself to be baptized, they would turn her out of doors. It was not a matter of choice, but of stern duty with her; she meekly expostulated—she besought them with tears to hear her reasons, but in vain. She could not, however, resist that which she believed to be her duty to God; she was baptized, and had no longer a home under her parents' roof. She then took refuge with an uncle, with whom she resided several years. This early persecution only strengthened her religious opinions; and she remained through life a zealous advocate of those peculiar views for which she had suffered so much.

At the time of her husband's desertion, Mrs. Garrison was left with five children, two of whom died soon afterwards. When her son William was about seven, she found it necessary to remove from Newbury-Port to Lynn. She was in very low circumstances, and having taken upon herself the profession of a sick-nurse, was induced to remove to Lynn, in the hope of better success in her calling. She took with her her eldest son James, a boy of extraordinary promise, wonderfully gifted like herself, and, like her, remarkable for his handsome person. James was her favourite child, and she looked forward to his being the stay and comfort of her declining years. Her son William, and her only remaining daughter, then quite young, she left at Newbury-Port, both of them under the care of good people of the Baptist persuasion. William was placed with one of the most excellent of men, although he was poor, and had no better means of gaining a livelihood than

by setting the edges of saws, and splitting wood for fuel. This good man was a deacon in his church, and by name Ezekiel Bartlett. The boy was in the place of a son to him ; and both he and his wife, who had the utmost veneration for his mother, assumed at once the paternal character towards him. Now and then his own mother came over to see him and his sister, and those visits were joyful holidays of the heart to all parties. If the poor can afford fewer indulgences than the rich, there is perhaps all the greater zest and intensity about that few, which may make the balance somewhat even. So was it in the case of these good but poor people.

It was fortunate for the children that in the houses of their protectors they received sound religious and moral instruction ; and though in after life William found many an early-taught dogma to reject, and some sectarian shackles to shake off, yet the good teaching of those years has given a tone to the whole life of the man.

He remained with the kind-hearted deacon until he was eleven, when his mother took him to live with her at Lynn. He had, however, during these years been to school, had learned to read and write, and in the intervals of learning had helped the good old man to split wood for the inhabitants of the town. During the last six months of his abode here he was put to a Grammar School, which appeared to him a magnificent school, and where he was enabled to learn something of arithmetic, grammar, and geography. It is astonishing, however, how little scholastic knowledge is needful for the greatest and best men of the world, and for those who are the soundest benefactors of their

race. Greek and Latin, however much they may improve the head, do but little for the heart. William Lloyd Garrison took no degrees in any university.

At eleven years old, to his sorrow, he left the grammar-school, and removed to Lynn, to his mother. She had apprenticed her beloved son, James, to the trade of a Shoemaker, in Boston; her second son, also, she put to the same business. He was extremely small of his age; so small, indeed, that his apron seemed bigger than himself, and the people laughed, and said he was no larger than a last. We will take this opportunity of saying something of the elder brother, the beauty of whose mind unhappily was early dimmed. James, when he went to Boston, had the utmost aversion to ardent spirits; but being the youngest apprentice, was sent to fetch into the workshop the liquor for the men. He was laughed at, and subjected to persecution, because he would not drink; the trial, unfortunately, was too great for him; in a few years he drank with the best of them. One temptation led to another; and before his apprenticeship was completed he ran away and entered the United States' navy, where he led a most irregular life. In the end his conduct broke his mother's heart. Many a time has she said—"Nothing less than a cannon-ball could kill Fanny Lloyd;" but the misconduct of this beloved son did it. Poor James, even in his fall, had great pride of feeling, and always hoped the day would come when he should return home a reformed and altered man. He was naturally brave, and full of generous sentiments, and was fond of an adventurous life, which he hoped to enjoy on the seas.

He enlisted after some time in a British ship engaged in the pursuit of pirates in the West Indies; but such were the horrors practised on board, by inhuman floggings, and other modes of punishment, that he and two others deserted. They concealed themselves in the woods for some time, but were then taken and carried to the Havannah, where they were sentenced to receive three hundred lashes each, to be given in sight of the whole fleet. His two companions died under the sentence; he survived, a spirit-crushed man. After he had been gone ten years, and when all supposed him dead, his brother William received a letter from him, written from an hospital, asking if he could bear to come and see him. William visited him. He now hoped to atone for the past; he was repentant, and full of tender affection. Misfortune, however, pursued him to the last, spite of all his better will; for scarcely had he left the hospital, when he fell in with a gang of ruffians, who made him drunk, stripped him of all he had, and betrayed him again into the navy. The case was one of clear outrage and wrong; and his brother, through the help of some influential men, obtained his liberation; but body and soul were alike subdued, and in less than twelve months he died.

We now return to the little boy William, working at the Shoemaking trade, which he very much disliked. His mother, soon after this, removed to Baltimore, in Maryland; and the poor lad grew more and more unhappy, homesick as it were, pining for the society of his sister and those dear good people at Newbury-Port from whom he was separated. This being the case, his mother, who had no other wish than the well-being and happi-

ness of her children, consented to his return there. It was a joyful day to old deacon Bartlett and his wife when he came back to them; he seemed doubly their own child. He made no secret of his dislike to the shoemaking business, so the deacon put him apprentice to a cabinet-maker in the town of Haverhill, about fourteen miles from Newbury-Port. The boy, however, was hard to please; this trade suited him no better than shoemaking; he was very unhappy, and again grew so homesick that the dear, kind old man consented to humour him once more, and bring him back under his roof.

Again he was sent to school, and again he helped the deacon to split firewood. In the meantime the old man was thinking anxiously what trade must be found for this boy, who would neither be a shoemaker nor a cabinet-maker. Fortunately, he hit upon the printing business; *that*, perhaps, might suit him, if nothing else did; and, for the third time, he was put apprentice. There is a proverb which says that the third time pays for all: it was verified here. The boy at once was in his element—this was better even than the grammar-school which he had mourned so at leaving. He wanted nothing which the printing-house could not afford him. In October, 1818, at the age of thirteen, he was made perfectly happy, by finding himself the article apprentice of Mr. Ephraim W. Allen, editor and proprietor of the *Newbury-Port Herald*. He was now in his element: he felt an inspiration about the business which seemed to call forth all the powers and energy of his soul; he found also, through newspapers and journals from every part of the country,

that information after which his mind was craving, He had always had, even when quite young, a perfectly ravenous appetite for knowledge of all kinds, especially such as presented itself in a narrative form. A book was at any time irresistible; and in his intervals of wood-cutting and running errands, he was always absorbed in the marvels of some romance or other of the Mrs. Radcliffe school. Now, however, a wider and much higher sphere of knowledge was opened to him, and he availed himself to the utmost of every means which the printing-house afforded for the improvement of his mind. Fortunately for him, Mr Allen was a man capable of appreciating the character of his studious apprentice, who, at the same time that he seized every opportunity of gathering up information, was steady, industrious, and remarkably apt in the mechanical part of the business. William Garrison was a born printer; and so great is the pleasure he takes even now in the mere manual labour of printing, that, when at home, he devotes two days each week to setting the type for his *Liberator*. The very handling of type, he has been heard to say, is perfectly delightful to him.

The *Newbury-Port Herald* was a weekly paper, and it was his business to work both at the case and the press. No youth was ever happier than he was at that time. At the age of sixteen he made his first essay in authorship, in the form of a communication to the paper. It was written in a disguised hand, and the circumstance was known only to himself. It was a humorous article on some subject of local interest, and was signed 'An Old Bachelor;' and, though trifling in itself, was an event of deep interest to the young author,

whose heart beat strongly when he saw the editor enter the office with the communication in his hand. Several gentlemen of the place happened at that moment to be in the office where he was at work, an object of little interest to them. The editor, who probably had already made himself acquainted with the communication, read it aloud to his friends; all commended it highly, and it was immediately handed to the boy for him to set up. This was excellent; he needed no more encouragement—a perfect *cacoethes scribendi* seized upon him. Week after week communications flowed in from the now highly-respected A. O. B. (the initials of his first *nom de guerre*); and under this signature he wrote for some years, receiving from the editor himself letters through the newspaper complimenting him on his abilities, and requesting “a continuance of favours.” No one suspected the printer’s hard-working apprentice to be the remarkable correspondent who wrote alike poetry or prose, but principally political articles of a bold, uncompromising character, which were particularly acceptable in a town where party politics assumed a very violent tone. Even then he was the great champion for liberty, wherever he saw it struggling against oppression. Wallace and Tell were the heroes of his ardent imagination; and he longed to signalise himself as they had done, in some great outbreak for freedom and mankind. So enthusiastic did he indeed become on the subject of national liberty, that every struggle for it, however remote, fired his very soul; and when the Greeks were combating for their liberty, he could hardly restrain himself from setting off and joining their armies. Indeed, such

at this time were his views, that he seriously contemplated entering Westpoint Academy, the great military school of the United States ; but fortunately, he stayed by the printing-press, and prepared himself still more for that great and noble struggle for humanity in which he was to become the heaven-appointed and heroic leader.

Whilst yet a mere printer's boy, he established a debating society among the apprentices, at which they assembled weekly for the presentation of original articles, and for discussion and debate ; all which has been greatly beneficial to him in his after career. This debating society was the means of inducing him to give up his meditated martial expeditions ; for it was deeply interesting to him, and without his presence it must infallibly have gone to the ground.

For several years Mr Allen never detected his unknown correspondent, and his apprentice gloried in his profound secret. It happened, however, that Mr Allen retired from the editorship for a short time, in consequence of illness, and Mr Cushing, at that time a barrister, took his place as editor *pro tem*. This gentleman has recently been the minister to the Court of China, and is a man of splendid endowments, an eloquent orator, and member of Congress. During his editorship he detected the apprentice Garrison under the signature of A. O. B., but said not one word of his discovery until Mr Allen's return, when, to the astonishment of all parties, he announced the "respected correspondent" and the industrious apprentice to be identical. Mr Allen, instead of being annoyed at the trick that had been put upon him so long, at once joyfully acknowledged the

talent of his young assistant, most kindly encouraged him in every way, and henceforth associated him in the editorship of the paper—being glad, like a wise man to avail himself of the talent which was so near him; and such, indeed, was the confidence that this excellent man placed in him, that when he was but nineteen, during the absence of Mr Allen for some time in Alabama, the editorship of the paper, and the entire management of the printing-office, was confided to his care. It was an honourable testimony to the young man's integrity and talent; and he vowed within himself to be worthy of the trust reposed in him. His powers seemed increased by the demand made upon them; he believed nothing beyond his attainment, and was inconceivably happy. At that time sleep seemed hardly requisite for him; he worked all day at the printing-office—not only attending to the editorship, but even taking part in the manual labour—and devoted the whole night to writing and study. His political models were Junius and Fisher Ames, one of the most beautiful and noblest minds of America, and one who died broken-hearted because his country fell short of the celestial height to which he aspired for her. The character of this great and good man was the youth's admiration, as his essays were his models for composition. He wrote at this time, under the signature of Aristides, a series of Essays on National Affairs for the *Salem Gazette*, which were immediately copied into *Walsh's National Gazette*, the most distinguished literary and scientific paper of America, accompanied by highly eulogistic remarks. This was the greatest triumph the young writer had yet

received ; and, to enhance it still more, the authorship was attributed to the Hon. Timothy Pickering, one of the greatest minds of his country, and one who takes rank with the most distinguished revolutionary heroes and statesmen of his native land.

In December, 1825, having served upwards of seven years, his apprenticeship terminated honourably to himself, and after having given the utmost satisfaction to his master. As might be expected, poor old deacon Bartlett had felt the greatest pride in his career ; it was a supreme happiness to him that the first gentlemen of the town, and great politicians in the country, took notice of his young *protégé*. Nor was it Ezekiel Bartlett alone who rejoiced in his well-being. Through his whole course his mother, the poor sick-nurse of Baltimore, was his counsellor and friend. From his letters she was aware of the moral and intellectual advance of her son, and her spirit became his onward and upward companion. Like a guardian angel, she was ever with him ; her letters were as talismans about his heart. The mother, at the distance of six hundred miles—the poor woman—the sick-nurse, whose offices of love had not, even for her, the luxury of free gifts—was forming the while the spirit of one of the noblest, purest, truest disciples who ever trod in the footsteps of Him who died for mankind. Blessed be such mothers, for they make the benefactors of the world !

A short time before young Garrison's term of apprenticeship expired, his mother, who had long spoken of her failing health, wrote, begging that she might yet once more see him in the flesh before she died ; and his master kindly gave him permission to make this long journey. The mother and

the son met ; but what a change in the appearance of that mother ! When he parted from her she was in her full strength and beauty—now he did not recognise her ; sorrow for her unhappy son James had brought her to the brink of the grave. It was a heart-rending meeting to him : the effect upon her, however, was otherwise, and scarcely had he been five minutes with her when she seemed his own beautiful mother again ; for the glorious mind was not dimmed—her noble heart was not chilled—and the countenance again beamed with the light as of youth. His visit seemed to infuse new life into her ; and the few days they spent together were days of unclouded happiness—days which left an influence upon his being that time could never efface. Scarcely had he left her, however, when the flame of life, which had for a moment brightened into such clear splendour, again sunk to revive no more, and in six weeks she died. His sister, who had also been sent for by his mother, had died of yellow fever, twelve months previously.

After leaving Mr Allen, and probably induced to the step by the great success which had attended his writings whilst with that gentleman, he purchased, and mainly through the pecuniary assistance of his friend, Mr Allen, a newspaper, the name of which he immediately altered to that of the *Free Press*, altering at the same time its politics to those held so conscientiously by himself. This was a great undertaking for so young a man ; and if industry and ability could have insured its success, it must have succeeded. The whole of the editing, and the greater part of the manual labour, were performed by himself alone ; he worked

through the whole of most nights, and his editorial articles were set up in type without ever being committed to paper. This, great as was the labour, was of infinite service to him, by compelling him to a rapid and clear style of thought. The character of the paper soon attracted the attention of the editorial fraternity; but they, unfortunately, could not alone support the paper. Various adverse circumstances warred against it: agents were dishonest, and the young editor could command no capital to meet losses; in six months, therefore, this first effort of his laudable ambition was given up, and he found himself burdened by what was to him a large amount of debt.

Life had now assumed a gloomier and more earnest character; and the first page of this new chapter opened with a sorrowful leave-taking of his dear kind friends of Newbury-Port, and the setting out to Boston to seek employment as a journeyman, whose earnings, alas! could no longer be considered his own. To Boston he came, with high and honourable aspirations, but still with a depression of heart which was not lightly to be overcome. It was humiliating to the pride of one who had been a successful editor to solicit work as a journeyman; and then the debt, and the journeyman's small wages, were for ever associated in his mind. He was no longer the free and happy youth that he had been!

In Boston he knew but one person, a printer, who kept a boarding-house; but he fortunately was a kind-hearted man, who cordially received him under his roof, and assiduously sought for employment for him. Several weeks, however, elapsed before any employment was found, and

then he was engaged as a journeyman by David Lee Child, the husband of the excellent Mrs Child, who at that time conducted a tri-weekly paper. Here he laboured with unremitting assiduity, again working both by night and day, and had at length the happiness of disburdening himself of some of his debt. In the course of 1827 he was engaged on the *National Philanthropist*, a paper devoted to the subject of *total* abstinence, and the first paper in the world which was the advocate of this cause; and here it was that he became himself, from principle, a tee-totaller. After working upon this paper for some time as a journeyman, it passed into another proprietorship, and he became its editor. Whilst occupying this situation, providence was gradually leading him through a chain of circumstances to the commencement of that great labour of love in which he should stand forth like his great Master, to preach liberty to the captive—to bind up the broken-hearted, and let the oppressed go free.

A little quaker, hardly beyond a dwarf in stature, labouring likewise under the infirmity of deafness, Benjamin Lundy by name, was the first man in the United States who devoted his life to the abolition of slavery. Small as was his outward frame, he possessed a soul of large capacity; he was gifted with great power of endurance, unquenchable zeal, wonderful perseverance, and the utmost disinterestedness of purpose. This man was the editor of a paper called the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, published in Baltimore, and devoted wholly to the abolition of slavery. Garrison read this paper. Hitherto he had not turned his mind to this subject, but at once the

enormity and folly of this great national sin of slavery, and the outrage practised through it upon humanity, burst upon his soul, and a new purpose and aim was given to his existence. A burden of human woe was laid upon him, and he vowed henceforth to consecrate his life, as far as practicable, to the deliverance of his enslaved countrymen. Whilst this new path of duty was opening before him, in 1828, a deputation was sent to him from Bennington, in the state of Vermont, where the fame of his singular devotion and great talent had gone, to request him to go to that town and establish a paper there, mainly with a view to the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency of the United States. He went there, and started a paper called the *Spirit of the Times*, which, whilst it warmly espoused the cause of Mr Adams, was mainly devoted to the promotion of Peace, Temperance, and Moral Reform, including the Abolition of Slavery. Shortly after his coming to Bennington, also, he ventured to call a public meeting for the purpose of sending petitions to Congress for the abolition of slavery; and, in the course of a few weeks, had the happiness of sending the most numerous signed petition that had ever been presented to Congress from any state on that subject. This activity in his favourite cause, together with the extraordinary talent exhibited by this young co-worker, attracted the attention of Benjamin Lundy, who immediately made a journey from Baltimore to the Green Mountains to visit him. Personal knowledge only increased his admiration and respect, and he most earnestly requested that he would join hand and heart with him in this great cause, and become joint-editor

with him in his management of his paper. In compliance with the good man's earnest wish, and in order, likewise, to find a vent for that tide of slavery opposition which was vehemently struggling within him, Garrison consented, and in the autumn of 1829 removed to Baltimore; and from that day devoted himself to the cause for which God had so evidently appointed him.

Accordant as Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison were on the main question of the impolicy and sinfulness of slavery, an immense difference soon discovered itself in their views respecting its abolition. Lundy, perhaps influenced by the somewhat timid and *juste milieu* practice of the religious society to which he belonged, and which practice is utterly at variance with the bold uncompromising spirit of its commencement, had been misled by the *ignus fatuus* of "gradual emancipation," which, as has been wittily observed, means "half-way between now and never!" Garrison, on the contrary, was convinced, both by reason and reflection, that immediate and unconditional emancipation was the only remedy and atonement for the enormity of slavery. Here was a marked difference between the men. Lundy, however, who could not himself embrace these broad principles of right, with a liberality which was worthy of him, permitted his new associate to advocate in their paper those doctrines which he held; and the first number of their journal hoisted the banner of what was called "Immediateism," in contradistinction to the old and hitherto considered liberal opinion of "Gradualism." A strong sensation was immediately produced, not only in the Southern but in the Northern States. This

was a view of the question which moderate men could not entertain ; and Garrison and his paper were considered as fanatical and dangerous. Lundy's character and his former moderation were of no avail ; the supporters of the paper fell off on all hands ; and the slaveholders, especially those of Maryland, determined to crush the publication under the forms of law. The opportunity to do this occurred in the spring of 1830. It happened that a merchant of Newbury-Port, named Francis Todd, a fellow-townsmen of Garrison's in his earlier years, sent one of his ships to Baltimore laden with slaves for the Southern market. The fact of this man, whom he had known from childhood, having engaged in this horrible and unchristian traffic, excited in Garrison's breast the utmost indignation. Moreover, as a New England man, he resolved to show to the Southern Slaveholders that he was no respecter of persons, and that he was as ready to denounce Northern as Southern participation in the guilt of the slave system. He reprobated in his paper, therefore, the conduct of Mr Todd, in such terms as he thought his crimes merited. He declared that there was no difference in principle between the foreign and domestic traffic in "slaves and the souls of men ;" and, therefore, if any man deserved imprisonment for life for a criminal act, it was Mr Todd. Mr Todd, of course, was exasperated ; and, stimulated by the slaveholders of Baltimore, brought an action against Garrison for libel. On the trial, Garrison proved, by the custom-house books, that the number of slaves actually conveyed by the vessel exceeded that stated in the paper. But the greater the truth the greater the libel. Besides this, the judge

before whom he was tried, one Nicholas Brice, was a man notorious for his pro-slavery principles, and extremely anxious to annihilate Mr Garrison's dangerous paper. The jury, too, was a packed one, and nothing could be expected but that he should be convicted of libel—of seriously damaging the character of a man by charging him with carrying on a traffic which is authorised and protected by law!

A fine was imposed which Garrison was unable to pay. He was taken to prison, and confined in a cell which had but just been vacated by a murderer, who had paid the extreme penalty of the law. After he had been upwards of a month in prison, he was liberated through the intervention of a perfect stranger to himself, but one who had become acquainted with his noble character through the paper on which he and Lundy were engaged. Arthur Tappan, a well-known merchant and philanthropist of New-York, forwarded one hundred dollars, the amount of the fine; and the champion of emancipation was again abroad.

During his imprisonment, however, his time was well employed; he wrote an account of his mock trial, which was published, and circulated far and wide throughout the States; and like seeds of fire scattered abroad, it kindled everywhere, even in the Southern States, a spirit of indignation, and called forth the sympathy of every generous heart towards the sufferer. He employed many hours also in making the very walls of his prison-cell the eloquent preachers of liberty. On these white-washed tablets he wrote denunciations of slavery and its abettors; he proclaimed his own innocence, and called upon all to combat, nay

even to suffer, in the great cause of God and man. Of these remarkable inscriptions we will present our readers with two sonnets,—the first intended to comfort and strengthen any future unfortunate occupant of that cell, who might, like himself, be doomed to inhabit it, though guilty of no other crime than that of endeavouring to dethrone tyranny, and promote peace and good-will among men : the other, according to our judgment, is one of the noblest effusions that ever left the pen of the poet.

I.

Prisoner ! within these massive walls close pent,
 Guiltless of horrid crime or trivial wrong,
 Bear nobly up against thy punishment,
 And in thy innocence be great and strong !
 Perchance thy fault was—love to all mankind ;
 Thou didst oppose some vile, oppressive law,
 Or strive all human fetters to unbind,
 Or wouldst not bear the implements of war.
 What then ? Dost thou so soon repent the deed ?
 A martyr's crown is richer than a king's.
 Think it an honour with thy Lord to bleed,
 And glory 'midst the intensest sufferings !
 Though beaten—imprisoned—put to open shame—
 Time shall embalm and magnify thy name.

II.

THE FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

High walls and huge the body may confine,
 And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze ;
 And massive bolts may baffle his design,
 And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways ;
 Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control ;
 No chains can bind it and no cell inclose ;
 Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
 And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes ;
 It leaps from mount to mount, from vale to vale
 It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers ;
 It visits home to hear the fireside tale,
 Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours :
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star.

This remarkable little poem, to the last two lines of which we would particularly call our readers' attention, was the instantaneous outbreak of feeling on his being immured in his cell. The jailor shot the bolts and turned the key, and the prisoner, thrilling with the energy and inspiration of truth and genius, inscribed this manly defiance of judicial tyranny on the walls which inclosed him.

On coming out of prison, the Apostle of Freedom found new difficulties in the path; many hearts had grown timid, and no church or hall could be obtained in Baltimore for the delivery of a course of lectures against slavery. The paper, also, in which he was associated with Lundy, could no longer be supported weekly. He retired, therefore, from it, and its original proprietor again resumed its management as a monthly publication.

For some time the American Colonisation Society had been exciting great attention in the United States, and Mr Garrison, before coming to Baltimore, was disposed to look upon it favourably. He believed that its objects were glorious, as represented—the abolition of foreign slave trade, and the evangelisation of Africa. On mingling, however, with the most worthy and intelligent free coloured people of Baltimore, he discovered that the society in truth vindicated the right of property in human flesh; was in favour of gradual abolition only on condition that the slave should be transported to Africa, from which his ancestors, not himself, were brought; that it held the ferocious prejudice against a sable complexion to be natural, and, as it asserted, one not in the power of religion to eradicate, *because it was the "ordina-*

tion of Providence." The society, in fact, was only a cunning device of the slaveholders to banish the free coloured people, that the slaves might be held in more perfect bondage.

At this time the society was universally popular. The most eminent statesmen and persons of all political parties gave it their support, and fifteen of the States had officially sanctioned it; besides which, every religious denomination was enlisted in its cause. When the true nature of this society, first revealed itself to Garrison, he could scarcely believe his senses. He stood alarmed and astounded at view of the tremendous conflict which was opening before him against disguised cruelty, hypocrisy, and fraud. What was he, argued the weaker spirit within him, that he should arraign such an august association before the bar of public justice? What was he—a young man without station, without influential connections, without wealth, and without any supporters? What could such a one, just liberated, too, from prison, do against the million? So reasoned the human nature of the man; but the strong spirit said—"Raise up thy voice for outraged humanity—unveil the insinuating mischief, and leave all to God!"

Accordingly, he went to the north, and for some time found it impossible to obtain a public hearing. In Boston not a chapel or public hall would open its doors to him. Finding all his attempts to disseminate his doctrines in this way fruitless, he resolved upon presenting himself as the apostle of freedom on the Common—a sort of public park—and under the free canopy of heaven to make the unfettered winds, as it were, his heralds to carry

abroad the thunder-tones of his great argument. To our thinking, no fitter temple for the enunciation of his doctrines could have been found ; but, however, a circumstance, which contains in itself a reproof and a reproach to the professors of that doctrine which proclaims all men to be brothers, at length gave him the shelter and sanction of a roof. The disciples of Thomas Paine, infidels by profession, offered him the free use of their hall, for his advocacy of the rights of man. In an infidel hall, therefore, he first proclaimed "liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound." "I am a believer in Christianity ;" said he, at the close of his course of lectures, "and Boston is professedly a Christian city ; hence, I blush, while I am constrained to acknowledge the superior humanity of what is called infidelity, to the Christianity of the day." This circumstance needs no comment ; by their fruits ye shall know them.

Great as was the force of conviction produced in many minds by these lectures, men of wealth and influence declined to aid Mr Garrison—for his opinions were too extreme, his reform too radical, and, as yet, the Colonisation Society, against which he waged war, was an idol which the so-called liberal and philanthropic worshipped. Nor was there yet any public organ by which he could disseminate his principles. These principles had already ruined several newspapers, and none would now lend their columns to the subject ; much less would any capitalist embark his solid dollars in so perilous an enterprise. Garrison, at this moment standing alone, and without the means of commanding a single penny, counted

the cost of this great warfare for humanity. He had nothing to lose but his life, and that he was willing to sacrifice, if God so willed. His spirit was as indomitable as his heart was noble, and he resolved, at all hazards to go on. Still without money how commence, much less carry on, a paper? His friends shook their heads at his "fanatical schemes." How was the first number of his paper to be brought out, much more sustained?

Thanks, however to good old Ezekiel Bartlett, he was a printer, and knew how to set types, and work at the press. He had, besides this, a stout, sturdy-souled friend, one Isaac Knapp, whom he had known from childhood, and who, like himself, was a printer. With this man he took counsel, and, when two determined, great-minded men take counsel together, it would be strange if something did not result from it. They were both poor, could not command a sixpence of capital between them, but then they could *work!*—out of that *work* great things might be accomplished. There was, also, a third man, a mutual friend of theirs, a foreman in a printing establishment, who might help them, and to him they went. They engaged themselves to him as journeymen, on condition that their labour should cover the expenses of this important paper, which, even before it saw the day, was entitled the *Liberator*.

On the 1st of January, 1831, the first number of this journal was published. It was an era in the history of emancipation; and though, in the first instance, free coloured people were almost its sole supporters, it was not many weeks before its bold and noble proprietors were in a condition to purchase a little second-hand type, and an old press,

which they set up in a small, obscure upper room, in the old Merchants' Hall. Many a gigantic result has had its obscure beginning in such small upper rooms. There was a time when the Anti-Corn-law League had no better place of meeting for its half-dozen members—nay, even the very apostles preached and promulgated Christianity itself in “small upper chambers.”

For several years the *Liberator* was issued from this humble room, which also, for a considerable portion of that time, served its undaunted, undefatigable proprietors as printing-office, counting-house, eating-room, bed-room, &c. There is a moral sublimity in the history of this paper, and a grandeur beyond that of kings in the noble temperance, self-denial, and unconquerable fortitude of the men who conducted it. Sneered at, scoffed at, threatened, persecuted, they still held on; high-hearted champions in the cause of humanity and freedom. Thank God for such instances as these of the true heroic!

During the time of which we are now writing, Garrison and Knapp lived in the most simple and frugal manner; their diet was principally bread and water; their luxury a little milk. The manual labour of the paper was performed by themselves alone; and, in addition to his share of this, Garrison had also to discharge the duties of editor, which were laborious enough. But, as we said before, the men were heroes, and to the true heroic mind there is no difficulty which cannot be overcome. When they were wearied and worn down with excessive toil, they remembered the lash-driven slave, and with a cheerful spirit they went along their arduous and rugged path.

Though the *Liberator* made its way but slowly among the white population, it created the utmost exasperation among the slaveholders. A desperate outbreak of the slaves in Virginia was attributed to Garrison and his influence; and scarcely a day passed without his receiving letters, containing challenges to fight him, or the most brutal and fiend-like threats of abduction, or assassination. Undaunted either by threat or intimidation, he published some of these brutal and vulgar letters in the columns of his paper, that the world might see of what spirit their writers were. The fear and hatred of him increased more and more in the Southern States, and at length, threats and insults ceased to be private affairs, for the State of Georgia offered, through its legislature, a reward of 5,000 dollars for his life. His escape was truly miraculous.

On New Year's Day, 1832, just twelve months after the commencement of the *Liberator*, another grain of mustard-seed in the good cause of emancipation was sown, by the formation of the first Anti-Slavery Society in America. This, likewise, was organised by Garrison, and consisted of twelve members,—a small, but an apostolic number,—among whom were David Lee Child, the husband of Lydia Maria Child, and other men of great influence and high standing. He had also in this year the satisfaction of successfully unmasking the true nature and designs of the so often mentioned Colonisation Society, which he was enabled to do from the official documents of their own body. This was at once a great step gained in his own cause. Still this triumph only regarded America. In England the Colonisation Society was looked

upon as the salvation of the slave ; it was lauded to the skies, as a new and glorious scheme of Christian philanthropy which was to astonish the world. One Elliott Cresson, a member of the Society of Friends, but an arrant despiser of the coloured man, was then travelling in this country, holding public meetings, and winning a deal of money and enthusiasm from the breasts and pockets of the people. By his artful statements, and quaker garb and mode of speech, he lulled suspicion asleep. Wilberforce, Clarkson, Fowell Buxton, and nearly all the leading abolitionists of England, at that time were misled by him. Wm. Howitt, however, soon saw through the impostor, and openly denounced him.

Closely occupied as Garrison of necessity was, by his paper at home, and ruinous, almost, as it was for him to leave his post, he still thought it so important that this nefarious scheme and its agents should no longer delude the British public, that, at all risks, he resolved to come over to England for this purpose. In May, 1833, accordingly, he came, a stranger, and unauthorised by any influential body, and having here, as in America, to commence a warfare against a countryman, and against a cause which had seized upon the public mind as favourably as it had done at home. Fortunately, however, the false is seldom as bold as the true ; and Cresson, who knew perfectly well the real nature of his and the society's designs, made but a feeble opposition to this unlooked-for and formidable enemy on new ground ; and in three months his career in England was brought to a sudden and inglorious end. He left this country for America, a convicted impostor, and

covered with shame and disgrace. Garrison's visit to England, on the contrary, was crowned with success; his simple, earnest manners and demeanour, in which truth and moral greatness were so forcibly impressed, instantly recommended him and his cause to every kindred mind; and shortly before he left this country he had the satisfaction of receiving a most emphatic protest against the lately triumphant Colonisation Society, signed by Wilberforce, Fowell Buxton, Macaulay, Cropper of Liverpool, George Stephen, William Smith, Lord Suffield, Daniel O'Connell, and others. He had many most interesting and friendly interviews with Wilberforce, shortly before his death, which took place while he remained in England. He lived only a few weeks after he had signed the protest; and Mr Garrison has been heard to say, that he considers it as one of the melancholy privileges of his life to have attended that good man's funeral in Westminster Abbey. Poor Clarkson, at that time blind, and in a feeble state of health, could not credit the deception which had been practised upon him, and refused to sign the protest. Afterwards, however, having recovered his sight, and being able to read and judge for himself, he addressed a long letter to Garrison, which was published in 1840, indignantly reprobating the deceptive course pursued by the Colonisation Society, through their agent in this country.

During his visit to England, Garrison became acquainted with George Thompson, and impressed by his zeal, moral intrepidity, and wonderful eloquence, besought him to visit the United States, and to become a coadjutor with him, and the little handful of persecuted abolitionists there

—"to come over and help them," as the apostles would have said.

The report of Garrison's labours in England had crossed the Atlantic before him, and on his arrival in New York he found placards posted through the city, stating that "the Infamous Garrison!" had arrived, and was to be present on a certain evening at a public meeting, "and the friends of order, therefore, in the city"—*alias*, the friends of slavery—"were invited to assemble and hurry him to the tar-kettle." The whole city was in a state of excitement; the hotels were filled with ruffians from the Southern States, who uttered publicly the most terrific threats against him. No soul interfered in his behalf; on the contrary, the daily papers were filled with inflammatory articles, calculated only the more to inflame the public mind. There is something perfectly sublime in the spectacle of one man, who has no other rule of conduct, under any circumstances, but peace and love, standing alone, as it were, in an infuriated city, putting his life in his hand, trusting all to God, and fearing no man.

When the hour for holding the meeting came, he walked to it, accompanied only by one firm-hearted, true friend, who vowed never to desert him, let the peril be what it might. A furious mob of several thousands surrounded the hall, eager to wreak their vengeance upon him. But he stood in a panoply stronger than steel. He returned uninjured. It was an eventful evening, however, never to be forgotten; one of those occurrences in a life which give a colouring and a force to its after career. Garrison was a firmer and a more determined man from that day; and what was better

still, the public mind was irresistibly drawn to the subject, and many who had hitherto been waverers, now came forward as avowed partisans of emancipation. That cause was worth examining for which good men were ready to die.

A spirit was aroused which the slavery party had not anticipated, and a national convention of the friends of emancipation was called in Philadelphia. From every part of the Free States, delegates assembled; and, amid peril and persecution, the present American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Garrison drew up its Declaration of Sentiments, and this, like seeds of fire, produced wherever it went, and it went far and wide, the most unparalleled excitement.

If Garrison had sinned before, his sin was now tenfold. On all hands, the principles of thoroughgoing emancipation spread, and the cause soon after received a powerful ally in the person of George Thompson, who arrived in the autumn of 1834, resolved, like his friend, to use every power which God had given him, to bring into scorn and abhorrence the enormous guilt of slavery. His accession to the anti-slavery cause made an era in its history, and in proportion as that cause spread, and assumed a more formidable aspect, all the more fierce and unsparing grew its adversaries. Like a fiery blast from the tropics was sent forth the curses of the slave-holding States. Emissaries, vowing eternal hatred and unmitigable vengeance, were sent from the south to stop, by any means, this alarming growth of free principles, and, to a certain extent, these efforts were not without their effect. During this year, 1835, almost every anti-slavery assembly was broken up by mobocratic

violence, and the whole land seemed given up to anarchy. Dispersed, but not disheartened, the friends of the slave and of humanity took earnest counsel together, resolved to die rather than abandon a cause which they believed to be holy in the sight of heaven.

Thompson and Garrison were the especial objects of popular hatred, evidences of which, enough to appal the bravest heart that ever lived, were of daily occurrence. One morning in September, 1835, for instance, a gallows was found erected before Garrison's door, with two ropes suspended therefrom, and on the cross-bar this inscription—"Judge Lynch's Law." One of the ropes was intended for Thompson, the other for Garrison. Yet, through all this, these men were not daunted nor discouraged; their souls grew only the more earnest as danger and defiance thickened around them. Again we say—Thank God that spirits of this nature are found among men; they sanctify and ennoble humanity; and were it not for such as these, we might despair of every good cause which has to be rescued from the hands of the wicked and the strong!

In the following month occurred that memorable mob outrage in Boston, which has left a stain on that otherwise noble and enlightened city. Some little detail of this we must be permitted to give, as it marks, in many ways, the characters of the two parties. There had existed, for some time, in Boston, a Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, the members of which were of almost every variety of religious opinion, and amongst them some of the most intellectual, enlightened, and estimable women of the city. These women—exemplary

mothers, wives, and daughters—had been among the most active co-operators in the anti-slavery movement. The times and the temper of the times were such, that none unprepared to maintain their principles at any cost of slander and abuse, nay even of life itself, would have dared to join its ranks. These women were of that class; steadfast to what they believed their duty to God and humanity. The head of this little band, which has vindicated so nobly their right of meeting and free discussion, was Maria Weston Chapman, of whom Harriet Martineau says—"She is a woman of rare intellectual accomplishment, full of reading, and with strong and well-exercised powers of thought. She is beautiful as the day, tall in her person, and noble in her carriage, with a voice as sweet as a silver bell, and speech as clear and sparkling as a running brook." This noble creature, at the head of her band of glorious women, had announced a meeting of their own body on a Wednesday afternoon. This announcement having been made from the pulpits of some of the anti-slavery preachers, various newspapers of the city took up the subject, and put forth violent articles for the purpose of inflaming the worst passions of the slavery-loving portion of the community. The shopkeepers, also, in the immediate vicinity of the hall in which the meeting was to be held, petitioned the town authorities to prevent it, lest evil should happen to them and their wares. Placards were posted up, stating, that "that infamous scoundrel, Thompson, would hold forth that day, and that this was a good opportunity for the friends of the union to snake him out, and that a purse of one hundred dollars should be the reward

of him who should first drag him off to the tar-kettle." Such was the spirit of the day.

It was the general belief that the lives of the ladies would be in danger, and when they applied to the mayor for protection at their lawful meeting, they were told that "they were troublesome." Troublesome, however, they were compelled to be, for their consciences obliged them to assert their liberty of meeting and free discussion. Mrs. Chapman, however, sent to every member a warning of the danger that awaited her, leaving it then to the discretion of all whether they would attend or not.

A mob of many thousands, all in the garb of gentlemen, presented themselves before the hall, and even filled it before the time of meeting. "Five and twenty ladies," says Harriet Martineau, "reached the place of meeting by presenting themselves three quarters of an hour before the time fixed; five more struggled up the stairs, and a hundred were turned back by the mob," with the most ungentlemanly violence. Thirty women were in the hall, which, being engaged for a private meeting, was now filled with a frantic rabble. Spite of this, however, the business of the meeting began. Mrs. Chapman read an appropriate portion of scripture, and put up a fervent prayer to God for direction and succour, and for the forgiveness of enemies. The clear, calm tones of her voice were heard amid hisses, threats, and curses, and the rudest insults. In the midst of this the mayor entered in the greatest agitation. He declared himself unable to disperse the mob, or in any way to obtain peace. He earnestly besought Mrs. Chapman to adjourn the meeting. The meeting,

therefore, was adjourned, and the women attended by the city authorities, left the hall, and passed through the mob, as best they might.

Garrison, who had come to this meeting merely to escort his young wife, but who had no intention of taking any part in its business, was seen by the mob, who, disappointed in not finding Thompson, at that moment the more immediate object of their vengeance, resolved now to seize upon him instead. He was hunted out of the hall; the cry "Out with him! Lynch him!" was raised; the room in which he had taken refuge was violently broken into, and hundreds rushed upon him with a fury which seemed as it could only be appeased by blood. His non-resistant principles were now put to the test. One of his friends rushed forward armed in his defence. "My dear brother," said this good christian hero, "you know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith. Shall we give blow for blow, and draw sword against sword? God forbid! If my life be taken the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns, and his omnipotence will at length be victorious!"

He at length fell into the hands of the mob: they hurried him to a window, with the intention of hurling him from it; but, at that very moment, one voice from amid the crowd exclaimed—"Do not let us kill him outright!" so he was spared. A rope was then put round his body, that he might more easily be dragged along the street. A minute or two afterwards, his young wife, who knew him to be in the hands of the mob, looked out from a window, and saw him. "He was," says an eye-witness, "in the extremest danger.

His hat was lost, his clothes were almost torn from his body; brickbats and stones were hurled at him, as they hustled him along towards the tarketle, which was preparing in a neighbouring street; not a voice, not a hand was raised to save him. The only words which escaped from the white lips of his wife were—"I think my husband will not deny his principles; I am sure my husband will not deny his principles!"

The infuriated crowd dragged him onward; they were like a pack of wolves around their prey. In the midst of their yells and cries, a strong, authoritative voice said—"He shall not be hurt! remember he is an American!" These unlooked-for words excited some sympathy. "No, he shall not be hurt!" responded from one and another, and he was hurried on to the mayor's office, where it was evidently their intention to deposit him. But this was not the will of the many, and again the most violent efforts were made to gain possession of his person, his clothes were now literally torn from him, and, as it seemed, nothing less than life would satisfy them. Those who witnessed this disgraceful scene, assert that nothing could exceed the divine calmness, and steadfast courage of this brave man. His countenance at this time was like that of an apostolic martyr; there was something awfully beautiful in its serenity. He himself declared that it seemed to him a blessed privilege to suffer thus in the cause of Christ. Death did not present a repulsive feature. The promises of God sustained his soul, so that it was not only devoid of fear, but ready to sing aloud for joy! This is the spirit of the true martyr.

He was at length deposited in the mayor's office,

whence, being re-clothed by the kindness of various individuals, who stripped themselves to cover him, he was conveyed to prison by order of the mayor, who, reasoning like a poor-spirited man, thought that, by treating him as a malefactor, he should pacify the mob. The mob, however, was not so easily to be pacified; another and more furious attempt was made to drag him from the hands of the city police. Escape with life seemed impossible. The crowd was perfectly rabid with rage and disappointment, and it was only by the mercy of Heaven that he was saved, and that the city of Boston was preserved from the eternal stain of his pure blood.

At length he was lodged in prison, where, with a good conscience, and a cheerful mind, he sat down in peace. In the course of the evening his friends came to sympathise and rejoice with him, through the grated windows of his prison. On the walls of his cell he inscribed, as usual, some memorable words, of which the following are a part:—"William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God."

The next day, after an examination for mere forms sake, he was released from prison, but, at the earnest entreaties of the city authorities, left Boston for a time.

The life of this truly great and good man has been so entirely devoted to the anti-slavery cause, that we cannot give a sketch of the one without

tracing, in some measure, the progress of the other. The patience, the forbearance, the steadfast perseverance through good and through evil, the self-sacrifice, and self-renunciation, of the martyrs of emancipation, had drawn upon the cause the eyes of the whole country; and sympathy and conviction swelled their ranks every day, not with merely enthusiastic partisans, but with the most noble, the most intellectual, the most morally great men and women of the land.

In 1836, therefore, a new impetus was given to the anti-slavery movement; by the public labours of two remarkable women, who had become convinced of the guilt of slaveholding. These were Angelica and Sarah Grimke, the daughters of the late Honourable Thomas S. Grimke, an eminent citizen of South Carolina. By the death of their father, they inherited a large amount of slave property. In opposition to the laws of their country, in the first instance, they endeavoured to improve the condition of their slaves, by establishing schools among them, and introducing the habits of free society. But all their efforts were fruitless; the state of slavery around them could neither permit nor make availing their humane labours. Sacrificing, therefore, their worldly interests to their conscientious sense of duty, they liberated their slaves, removed them to a free district, where they would be able to maintain themselves, and then, with the small remains of their once noble fortune, came to Philadelphia; where, naturally allying themselves to the emancipation cause, they became the most active and influential of its movers. They had also embraced the religious opinions of the Society of Friends, which, among

other things, gives a woman a moral responsibility hardly acknowledged, at least, as far as action goes, by other religious bodies. They had thus been accustomed to speak in public, and their style of speaking was singularly impressive. Angelica, in particular, was a close reasoner and most eloquent declaimer. Before long, they conceived that duty called them to speak publicly on the subject of slavery—that system which from experience they knew to have horribly imbruted more than a million of their sex—and they, consequently, began to travel, and deliver their public testimony, both as Christian women and repentant slaveholders, against the enslavement of any portion of the human race. They came to Massachusetts, which became the principal field of their labours. At first, they addressed audiences composed exclusively of women; but so general became the curiosity to hear them, that immense assemblies of both sexes gathered wherever they spoke, and the most electric effects were produced by their energetic and powerful eloquence.

Alarmed at this strange innovation, and deeming it a dangerous precedent to be set to the women of the United States, the Calvinistic clergy of Massachusetts, connected with what is called "The General Association," issued a *bull* against them, in the name, and by the authority, of the apostle Paul, and warned the churches to give them no countenance in their unscriptural course! They defended themselves with great ability, and Sarah Grimke published an ably-written series of letters on the subject, entitled—"The Equality of the Sexes," which was the origin of what is called in America, the "Women's Rights Question," and

which has become, as will be seen, mixed up with the emancipation movement. Of course, it was now necessary for the abolitionists either to justify the course these powerful co-labourers were taking, or to join with the pro-slavery clergy in condemning and rejecting them. The great body of the abolitionists, with Garrison at their head, bade them God speed ! and thus established the principle of women being morally and politically equal to men. The clergy of the "orthodox," stamp still continued to show the most hostile spirit to the labours of women, and used every means in their power to get the management of the abolition cause into their own hands. They made a violent attempt at this in May, 1839, at the annual meeting of the "Anti-Slavery Society," in the city of New York, by denying that female members had a right to take part in the proceedings ; but in this they were fortunately defeated. They then announced that, if the question was still carried in opposition to their views at the next annual meeting, they would secede from the society altogether.

The time of that meeting came, and will ever be memorable in the annals of the anti-slavery cause in America. The clergy had exerted every influence in their power to insure an overwhelming attendance of such as held their views of the question. The meeting was immense. The question immediately came on. Abby Kelly's name was proposed. She was a member of the Society of Friends, one of the most gifted and self-sacrificing of women, a noble creature in the noblest sense of the word, and one who has, since then, done more by her public lectures, and extraordinary labours, towards the overthrow of slavery,

than any other lecturer whatever. She is one of those who, in the unshrinking achievement of good works, deserved, and will obtain, immortal honour. Such are the glorious women who have come forth on this extraordinary movement, clearly proving their own moral and intellectual greatness, whilst they undermine the strongholds of slavery, prejudice, and self-interest. The question was—should Abby Kelly sit on the Committee? A large majority of votes decided that she should, and the clergy and their adherents immediately seceded, went to another place, and organised a society full of deadly hostility to the old one, giving it the name of the “American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.” Their first endeavour was to brand the old society as a dangerous body; as one which ought to be discountenanced by every friend of good order and religion. This new clerical society, unfortunately, like Elliott Cresson and his mission, has taken root in England, and has obtained the warm support of the Broad Street Committee, in London, which, singularly enough, is composed principally of the Society of Friends, who profess to hold, as one of their fundamental principles, the right for every human being to speak as the spirit giveth utterance, and who authorise, to the utmost, the right of women to enter the ministry, and speak in public. But truth is strong, nay, omnipotent, and these things must in the end be corrected.

No one individual in America has come in for a greater share of hatred and misrepresentation from this new and adverse party, than Garrison himself. It has been their object to crush him, and the violence of the Southern slave party has not been

greater than the unkind, ungenerous falsehoods which they have circulated against him. We have heard, all of us in England, that he is a disturber of the public peace, a firebrand, an infidel, and on the last charge have the charges been most successfully rung. An infidel, because he believes that not *one* day in seven, but that *all* days should be kept holy! Are not many of us infidels in this same sense? A disorganiser and firebrand, because he rejects the use of all carnal weapons, and inculcates the duty of literally overcoming evil with good, and forgiving our enemies, as we desire God to forgive us? May the day soon come, when not only he, but we and the whole world, are "disorganisers and firebrands" of this description.

In 1840, the so-called "World's Anti-Slavery Convention" was held in London, and Garrison was appointed by the American Anti-Slavery Society to attend it, together with Lucretia Mott, and other female delegates—Lucretia Mott by way of parenthesis, let us observe is another of those remarkable women who have been called out of the retirement of private life, to stand forth boldly in this great battle of human rights. Never will the writer of this article forget seeing for the first time this extraordinary woman. Lucretia Mott, to her idea, must be an Amazon who, if full of intellectual power, and moral intrepidity, would yet want the graces of the true woman. She came; she was not above the middle size; in the plainest garb of a Quaker matron; calm, gentle, affectionate, and womanly in the highest degree. There was something absolutely subduing in the tenderness of her eye, in her soft smile, and low, pleasant voice; presently, however, the intellectual brow,

the kindling eye, the beaming countenance, and the eloquent tongue, realised an idea of intellectual and moral greatness, and singleness of purpose, which wanted no Amazonian figure to complete it. She is now the writer's idea of a woman of the apostolic age; and hers, in reality, are the true characteristics of mind which those apostolic days called forth, as well as the present, great struggle in America. Such was Lucretia Mott; but she was a woman, and the World's Convention would not receive her; nor, of course, any of her sister-delegates.

Garrison, as might be expected, refused, therefore, to appear in the character of a delegate either;—not on the ground of “Women's Rights,” but because the credentials given by the American Anti-Slavery Society were dishonoured, and he would not allow himself to go in as a privileged member, where others, having the same credentials as his own, were excluded. To have done otherwise would, according to his views, have been false to that society, and to the cause of the slave. He went, therefore, merely into the gallery as a spectator.

Strong in many noble minds was the indignation felt at this exclusion, and Daniel O'Connell and William Howitt, each of them addressed letters to Lucretia Mott on this subject, which were widely circulated in America.

The great question of entire and immediate emancipation, since then, has made rapid progress through the United States. The true spirit of American independence is showing itself amongst accumulating thousands who have awoke as from a lethargy, and are exerting their strength to throw

off this incubus of crime, and this moral disgrace, from their country.

The object of William Lloyd Garrison, and his colleagues, Henry C. Wright and Frederick Douglass, in this country at the present moment, is to rouse the sympathies of the British population, and, knowing the influence which public opinion here exerts in America, to secure for this sacred cause the full benefit of this moral agent.

The struggle is an arduous one, but the hand of God is for it, and it must prosper. Many remarkable features already attend it; it has called forth an amount of moral power and greatness, the effect of which cannot easily be calculated, but the result of which *must* be an immense march onward in the human progress.

Of our friend Garrison, let us conclude in the words of one capable of appreciating characters like his—"He is one of God's nobility—the head of the moral aristocracy. It is not only that he is invulnerable to injury—that he early got the world under his feet, but that in his meekness, his sympathies, his self-forgetfulness, he appears covered all over with the stars and orders of the spiritual realm whence he derives his dignities and his powers." He is, in short, a true disciple of Christ, and in this lies his power and his greatness. Such men ennoble their age and their country.



THE AMERICAN SLAVE-SHIP.

No breeze the dark pine wood can wave,
 In your proud Country of the free,
 But fans the bosom of a Slave,—
 Slave,—of the “Sons of Liberty!”

Though brightly foams the feathery spray,
 A gloom is on the sunny sea;
 For the Pirate Slave-Ship wings her way,
 Manned by the “Sons of Liberty!”

The Stars and Stripes are at her mast,
 But crimson must their shadow be,
 For the Shark hath tracked her as she passed,
 And hailed the “Sons of Liberty!”

Look ye to Washington's lone grave,
 And blush, that human eye may see
 The turf, polluted by a Slave,
 That shrouds the “Son of Liberty!”

Land of the West, one task is yours—
 Bid the proud waters of your Sea
 In triumph flow round happy Shores,
 Trod but by “Sons of Liberty!”

C. E. N.



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